

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.

THE

SONGS, TRIOS, GLEES,

&c. &c.

AS SUNG BY.

MR. DIGNUM,  
MASTER WELSH,  
MR. DENMAN,

MRS. FRANKLIN,  
AND  
MRS. MOUNTAIN,

THIS SEASON AT

VAUXHALL.

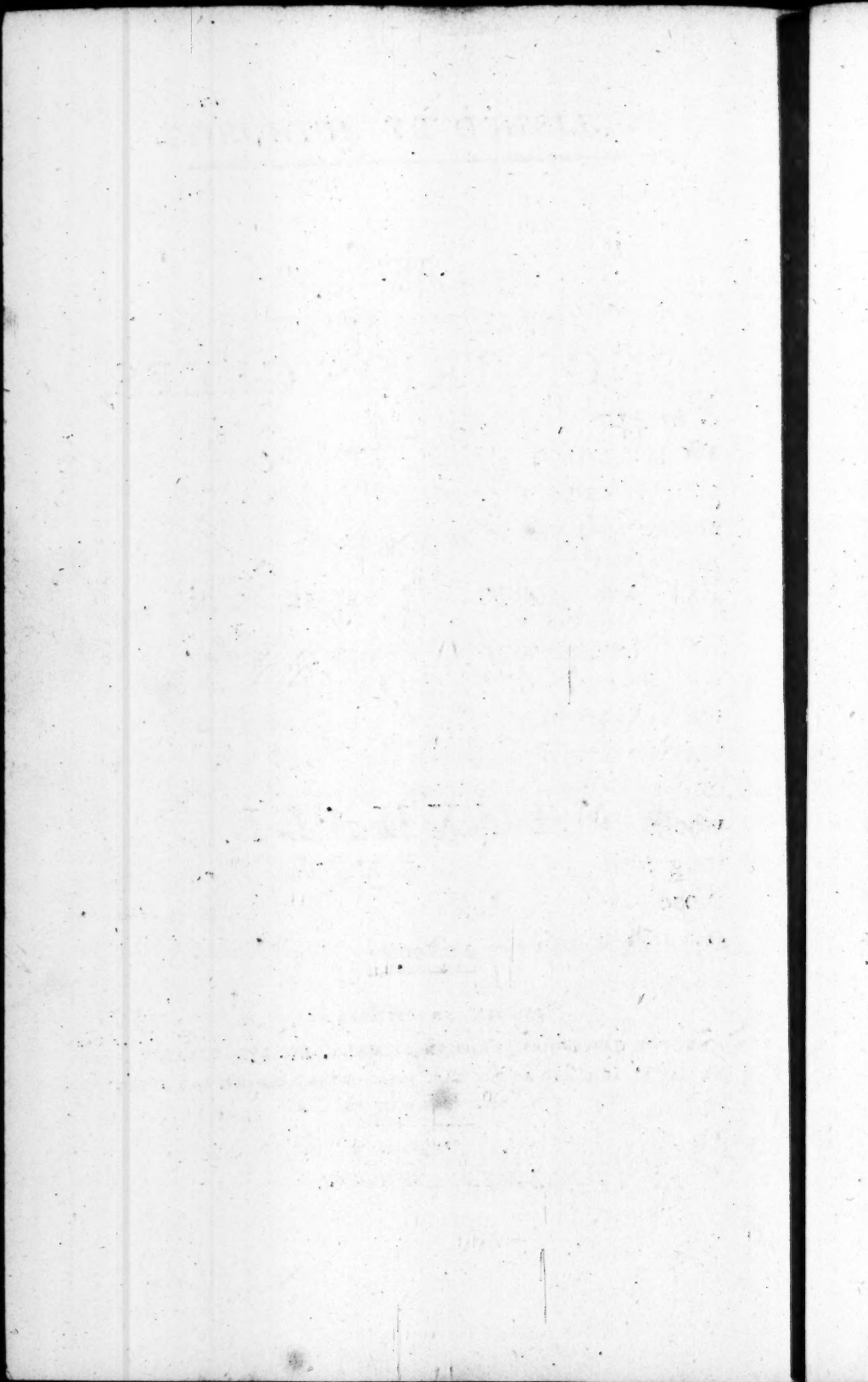
LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, NO. 132, STRAND;  
AND MAY BE ALSO HAD AT THE BAR, DOORS OF THE GARDENS, AND OF THE  
DIFFERENT WAITERS.

1797.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

FROM the many and repeated enquiries made after the Words of the various Compositions sung at Vauxhall, during the Summer, it is presumed that the following Pages will not prove unacceptable; especially, when it is considered that, independent of the small Price affixed to the Publication, the same may be referred to as a kind of Key or Guide, whereby the Reader is made acquainted with every Lyric Production that owes its birth to the Orchestra, which, (under the direction of Mr. Hook, by whom the whole of the Songs are set to Music) has been long looked up to, as a *Harmonic Nursery*, by those who are in the habit of visiting this favourite and fashionable place of Amusement.

CHAPTER II

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. The author discusses the various stages of human civilization, from the earliest times to the modern era. He also touches upon the different religions and philosophies that have shaped human thought and action. The second part of the book is a detailed account of the life and times of the great men of the world, from the ancient Greeks and Romans to the modern statesmen and scientists. The author describes their achievements and the impact they have had on the world. The third part of the book is a collection of essays on various subjects, including politics, economics, and social reform. The author expresses his views on these subjects and offers his suggestions for improvement. The book is written in a clear and concise style, and is easy to read. It is a valuable work for anyone who is interested in the history and progress of the world.



THE  
*VAUXHALL SONGS,*  
TRIOS, GLEES, &c.

FOR 1797.

---

THE  
MAID OF THE GREEN, PRETTY SALLY.

*SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.*

WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.

---

I.

I'VE travell'd afar from my dear native home,  
And seen lovely Women past telling ;  
In this place, or t'other, as fancy wou'd roam,  
I wander'd and took up a dwelling.  
Sweet Women I prize wheresoever they be,  
Tho' Jesters and Coxcombs may rally :  
But she that's most pleasing and charming to me  
Is Sally, my sweet pretty Sally !  
The Maid of the Green, pretty Sally !

B

II.

When often beset by this Beauty and that,  
My tongue in their praise never faulter'd ;  
With each one I prattled, and humour'd their chat,  
But still my fond heart never alter'd.  
No, no, for in whatever climate or place  
I chang'd when a rover to dally,  
I saw in my fancy the beautiful face  
Of Sally, my sweet pretty Sally !  
The Maid of the Green, pretty Sally !

III.

And ever shall she be the pride of my song,  
Whose constancy nothing cou'd sever :  
For tho' far away from my charmer too long,  
Her love was as faithful as ever :  
Then, come to my bosom, thou Maiden divine !  
A passion so true who can rally ?  
For thee I can splendour and riches resign,  
My Sally, my sweet pretty Sally !  
The Maid of the Green, pretty Sally !

## THE LINNET.

*SUNG BY MASTER WELSH.*

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

I.

WHERE wild flowers grow and Linnets sing,  
To usher in the jocund Spring,  
O let me lead my charming Maid  
To yonder fragrant chequer'd shade!

Where wild flow'rs grow and Linnets sing,  
To usher in the jocund Spring,  
Hark! hark! he swells his tuneful throat!  
Hark! to the tuneful Linnet's note!

II.

A mossy bank, with oziars bound,  
For your delight, my Fair, I've found;  
Where woodbines form a sweet retreat,  
Close shelter'd from the noontide heat:

Where wild flow'rs grow and Linnets sing,  
To usher in the jocund Spring,  
Hark! hark! he swells his tuneful throat!  
Hark! to the tuneful Linnet's note!

III.

The winding stream that runs along,  
Conveys the distant herdsman's song:  
The violets bloom beneath his feet,  
For Nature decks the calm retreat:

Where wild flow'rs grow and Linnets sing,  
To usher in the jocund Spring,  
Hark! hark! he swells his tuneful throat!  
Hark! to the tuneful Linnet's note!

## WHAT CAN A LASSY DO?

SUNG BY MRS. MOUNTAIN.

WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.

---

I.

YOUNG Jemmy's ganging after me,  
The live-long day and night ;  
And always kissing too is he,  
When Father's out of sight :  
But dinna, lad, be teasing so,  
For this I'll tell you true,  
If thou art ever pleasing so,  
What can a Lassy do?

II.

He shanna mair be pressing me,  
Its muckle truth, I vow ;  
Nor shall he be caressing me,  
As sure he did just now :  
And so I'll tell him when we meet,  
I winna hear his loo ;  
For when a Laddy is so sweet,  
What can a Lassy do?

III.

I wonder where the youth can be,  
Ah ! whither can he stray ?  
But that is surely nought to me,—  
So let him keep away :  
For shou'd he tell his wily tale,  
And want to buckle too,  
I really think he wou'd prevail—  
What can a Lassy do?  
(Ah ! what indeed !)  
What can a Lassy do?

## WITH MARY DEAR I LOVE TO STRAY.

SUNG BY MR. DENMAN.

WRITTEN BY MR. FOT.  

---

I.

WHERE cowslips sweet adorn the mead,  
 And daisies deck the verdant plain,  
 When roseate shepherds tune the reed,  
 And birds renew their lively strain;  
 'Tis then, amidst those scenes so gay,  
 With Mary dear I love to stray.

II.

More lovely than the lily fair,  
 Or sweetly blooming damask rose,  
 Does my dear Mary's face appear—  
 Far greater sweets her cheeks disclose.  
 With this dear Maid, at close of day,  
 How dearly do I love to stray.

III.

By moonlight, in the shady grove,  
 Close by a riv'let's bubbling side,  
 As late I wander'd with my love,  
 She there agreed to be my bride;  
 And if she'll wed without delay,  
 I vow from her I ne'er will stray.

## IF A BODY LOVES A BODY.

*SUNG BY MRS. FRANKLIN.*

*WRITTEN BY A LADY.*

---

I.

A BODY may in simple way  
Read love in shepherds' eyes,  
A body may, ah ! well-a-day,  
Find Love, tho' in disguise.  
There is a body loves a body,  
I cou'd tell you who :—  
And if a body loves a body,  
Let him come and woo.

II.

I ne'er will wed, I often said,  
A Lad that cannot speak,  
Yet something's runing in my head,  
Which prudence cannot check.  
There is a body loves a body,  
I cou'd tell you who :—  
And if a body loves a body,  
Let him come and woo.

III.

An humble cot and simple lot  
Is suited to my mind,  
No wealth I seek, then let him speak,  
He'll find a body kind !  
There is a body loves a body,  
I cou'd tell you who :—  
And if a body loves a body,  
Let him come and woo.



## HERE'S THE PRETTY GIRL I LOVE.

SUNG BY MR. DENMAN.

WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.

---

I.

JACK Oakham was a gallant Tar,  
And doated on the lovely Poll,  
Whose charms were like the Morning Star,  
And radiant as the beams of Sol !  
To live (and for each other) true,  
They swore by ev'ry Saint above ;  
And Jack wherever sailing to,  
Gave,—*Here's the pretty Girl I love.*

II.

It happen'd once they made a port,  
Where Beauty held its magic reign,  
And each bold Tar in am'rous sport  
Forgot the perils of the main.  
Round went the glass and jest, at whim,  
The song and toast at ev'ry move ;  
But Jack, whene'er they call'd on him,  
Gave,—*Here's the pretty Girl I love.*

III.

Thus faithful Jack in ev'ry clime,  
True to his Poll, dwelt on her charms ;  
And soon arriv'd the happy time  
When each were lock'd in t'other's arms !  
Safe now they'd made the Nuptial Coast,  
And Jack once more his worth to prove,  
(When ask'd by Friendship for his toast,)  
Gave,—*Here's the pretty Girl I love.*



T'OTHER DAY AS I SAT IN A SHADY RETREAT.

SUNG BY MRS. MOUNTAIN.

WRITTEN BY A. LADY.

---

I.

T'OTHER day as I sat in a shady retreat,  
Near the spot came young Colin, who saw me, no doubt;  
He was singing of Love, and his singing was sweet,  
Yet I seem'd not to hear, and affected to pout.  
"All quarrels I hate," cried the artful young man,  
Though he added, "in Love it will constancy prove;  
"They must soon be forgiven, do all that we can,  
"The Quarrels of Lovers are Renewals of Love."

II.

Then he knelt at my feet, and he vow'd he was true—  
"O boast not your love or your truth," then I cried;  
"To Phillis go give all the passion that's due,  
"O hasten to church, and there make her your bride.  
"No pain it will give me, though quite undeserv'd,  
"Then leave me; O leave me, your passion to prove!"  
He smil'd in my face, and then slyly observ'd—  
"The Quarrels of Lovers are Renewals of Love."

III.

"When to Phillis I chatted, it was in return  
"To your romping, your laughing, and dancing with  
Will;  
"But for you, and you only, my bosom can burn,  
"Then let not Dear Nancy your cruelty kill!"  
When he talk'd thus of killing and dying, I found  
It was just the right time my forgiveness to prove;  
And at church the next morning, I readily own'd—  
The Quarrels of Lovers are Renewals of Love.

## WELL AWAY, CRUEL BARBARA ALLEN.

SUNG BY MASTER WELSH.

I.

ALL in the merry month of May,  
When green buds they were swelling,  
Young Jemmy on his death-bed lay,  
For love of Barbara Allen.

Ah! well away, well away, well away,  
Cruel Barbara Allen!

II.

He turn'd his face unto her straight,  
With deadly sorrow sighing,  
" Oh! lovely Maid, some pity show,  
" I'm on my death-bed lying—  
" Ah! well away, well away!  
" Cruel Barbara Allen!"

III.

" If on your death-bed you do lie,  
" What needs the tale you're telling?"  
Without one tear, without one sigh,  
" Farewell!" said Barbara Allen.

Ah! well away! well away, &c.

IV.

When he was laid in his cold grave,  
Her heart was struck with sorrow;  
" To-day you died for me," she said,  
" For you I'll die to-morrow!"

Ah! well away, well away, &c.

v.

" Farewell!" she said, " ye virgins all,

" Oh! shun the fault I've fell in!

" Henceforth, take warning by the fall

" Of cruel Barbara Allen!"

Ah! well away, &c.

FOR YOU MY ONLY DEAR.

SUNG BY MRS. FRANKLIN.

WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.

---

I.

O WHITHER can my William stray,  
And leave me thus to sigh?  
If to the wars he's forc'd away,  
Then to the wars will I.  
In trowsers white, and jacket blue,  
I'll like a Tar appear;  
And brave each danger, Love, for you,  
For you, my only Dear.

II.

Ah! whither wouldst thou from me fly,  
That there I will not be?  
Is there a place beneath the sky  
Can keep my Love from me?  
If thou a Soldier's fate pursue,  
Why then, devoid of fear,  
I'll be, my Love, a Soldier too,  
For you, my only Dear!

III.

O Love, I'll dare the frowns of Fate,  
With thee, my soul's delight!  
In ev'ry peril on thee wait,  
And be thy shield in fight:  
And shou'd the foe with fatal dart  
My William's breast come near,  
I'll strike my poinard to his heart—  
For you, my only Dear.

## IN A VALE FAR REMOV'D.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

## I.

IN a Vale far remov'd from the noise of the Town,  
 In a Hamlet which smiling Content call'd her own,  
 There lives a fair Maid, more blooming and gay  
 Than roses in June, or the blossoms of May:  
 She was lov'd by the Shepher'd, ador'd by the Squire,  
 Who teaz'd her, and vex'd her, with love and desire;  
 Tho' they follow'd and woo'd her wherever she'd go,  
 Her answer was always—No, no, no, no.

## II.

'Tis with ecstasy still I remember the day  
 When I saw this dear Maid crown'd Queen of the May;  
 Her eyes like the sloe, her cheeks like the rose,  
 With smiles that from innocent pleasure arose:  
 While the Shepherds hail'd Anna the Queen of the May,  
 She listen'd to me, and approv'd of my lay;  
 When I ventur'd to beg to the dance she wou'd go,  
 She never once answer'd me no, no, no, no.

## III.

Far distant I came, yet no farther I'll roam,  
 The dwelling of Love and fair Anna's my home:  
 No Vale is so fragrant, no Maiden so fair,  
 No Lad is so happy such blessings to share:  
 And when she's my bride, then how great my delight,  
 We'll join in the dance, in the song we'll unite;  
 In the morn with my fair one to church will I go,  
 Nor fear that she'll answer me no, no, no, no.

## LUCY OF THE VALE.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

WRITTEN BY MR. FOT.  

---

## I.

I'VE search'd each cottage far and near,  
 Thro' town and village been,  
 And many Maidens blooming fair  
 I in my search have seen ;  
 But none so lovely cou'd I find,  
 In village, town, or dale,  
 So gentle, charming, and so kind,  
 As Lucy of the Vale.

## II.

Beneath an aged elm-tree's shade,  
 Beside a lonely wood,  
 In thatch'd-roof cot I found this Maid,  
 So beautiful and good :  
 She sweetly blush'd with virgin shame,  
 When first I told my tale,  
 While ev'ry sigh encreas'd my flame  
 For Lucy of the Vale.

## III.

Her cheeks outvie the blushing rose,  
 Her eye all mild to view ;  
 Her mind, which like the lily blows,  
 Is pure as morning dew :  
 Not all the gayest flow'rs that are  
 In garden, mead, or dale,  
 Can with this beauteous Maid compare,  
 Sweet Lucy of the Vale.



YOU'RE WELCOME AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY.

SUNG BY MRS. FRANKLIN.

I.

YOUNG Will in his holiday-suit came to woo,  
And he talk'd to my Mother as other Lads do :  
" If your Daughter can like me, I'll make her my Wife,  
" And love her and cheer her all days in my life."  
My Mother attended as other dames do,  
When with Love, but no Money, a Lad comes to woo ;  
But when down before her his riches he lay,  
'Twas you're welcome, dear Youth, as the Flow'rs in May.

II.

My Father was told of the wealth he possest,  
For of all his acquirements his riches were best :  
" When spent," cry'd my Father, " pray what will you do,  
" With Children to squall, and your Wife grown a shrew ?"  
" I can work," cry'd young Will, " for my Children and  
Wife,  
" And my Love shall prevent all vexation and strife."  
" Then take," says my Father, " my Daughter to-day,  
" You're as welcome, dear Youth, as the Flow'rs in May."

III.

My Mother's fond wishes were gain'd by his store,  
My Father's by promising still to get more ;  
The bloom on his cheek, and the glance of his eye,  
Had taught me 'twas right with their wish to comply.  
So promis'd to-morrow shou'd see me his Bride,—  
Press'd by duty and beauty, who cou'd have deny'd ?  
When a kiss he then sued for, I cou'd but obey,  
'Twas your welcome, dear Youth, as the Flow'rs in May.



## HUNTING GLEE.

*SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM, MR. DENMAN, MRS. FRANKLIN,*

AND

*MRS. MOUNTAIN.*

WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.

WHERE, where shall we hunt the roe-buck to-day ?

Over the mountains, and over the hills :

Then haste to the forest, away, boys, away,

And a kiss shall be his, who the roe-buck kills.

A kiss, a kiss from the damsel most sweet ;

Agreed ; agreed ; we'll contend for the bliss :

And he that shall lay the deer at her feet,

The lips of a Maid shall reward with a kiss !

## THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

*SUNG BY MRS. MOUNTAIN.*WRITTEN BY MR. VINT.  

---

## I.

WILLY, after courting long,  
 Marry'd me on Sunday ;  
 All that day I held my tongue,  
 But scolded him on Monday.  
 Tuesday I grew dull and sad,  
 Wednesday pass'd in scorning ;  
 Thursday drove me raving mad,  
 Friday what a morning !  
 Till at length that balm of life,  
 Money, brought a better day ;  
 So we lov'd like Man and Wife,  
 Kissing sweet on Saturday !

## II.

Willy next began the week  
 Tippling all the Sunday,  
 Therefore I, provok'd to speak,  
 Did scold him well on Monday ;  
 Tuesday call'd him drunken sot,  
 Wednesday lubber lazy,  
 Thursday having mended not,  
 Why Friday made me crazy !  
 Tho' I hop'd the fool wou'd think  
 Wiser on the latter day,  
 Not a sous for meat and drink  
 Earnt he on the Saturday.

## III.

What was proper to be done,  
 Ev'ry future Sunday ;  
 For 'twas plain I first begun—  
 Wrong—upon the Monday.  
 Tuesday then I calmer seem'd ;  
 Wednesday was indulgent !  
 Thursday peace and comfort beam'd,  
 And Friday shone refulgent !  
 Chacing thus corroding strife,  
 Ev'ry day's a better day ;  
 Joy and pleasure cheering life  
 From Saturday to Saturday.

## ANACREONTIC.

DRINK AND FILL THE BOWL AGAIN.

*SUNG BY MR. DENMAN,*

WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.

I.

BRING me, boy, a flowing bowl,  
 Deep and spacious as the sea ;  
 Then shall ev'ry noble soul  
 Drink and fathom it with me.  
 While good humour is afloat,  
 E'er to part wou'd be a sin ;  
 Let us sail in Pleasure's boat,—  
 Drink and fill the bowl again.

II.

Let the hoary Miser toil,  
 We such sordid views despise :  
 Give us Wine and Beauty's smile,  
 There each glowing rapture lies.  
 While good fellowship we boast,  
 Fill the goblets to the brim ;  
 Lovely Woman is my toast,  
 Drink and fill the bowl again.

III.

Care, thou bane of ev'ry joy,  
 To some distant region fly ;  
 Here reigns Bacchus, jolly boy !  
 Hence, old Greybeard, hence and die !  
 While we revel in delight,  
 E'er to part wou'd be a sin ;  
 And since Care is put to flight,  
 Drink, and fill the bowl again.

PASTORAL GLEE.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM, MR. DENMAN, MRS. FRANKLIN,

AND

MRS. MOUNTAIN.

---

FLOCKS are sporting, Doves are courting,  
Warbling Linnets sweetly sing;  
Joy and pleasure without measure  
Kindly hail the laughing Spring.  
Flocks are bleating, rocks repeating,  
Valleys echo back the sound;  
Dancing, singing, piping, springing,  
Nought but mirth and joy go round.



## THE FASHIONABLE HUSBAND.

SUNG BY MRS. MOUNTAIN.

WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.

IF Love, as we're told, is a source of sweet passion,  
 What bliss must await the new wedded for life;  
 My *Husband*, a man too of Fortune and Fashion,  
 And I, happy creature, a Gentleman's Wife!  
 Now some men, 'tis said, in their love are so jealous,  
 A woman must never be out of their sight;  
 But my Lord and Master is not half so zealous,  
 And leaves me at liberty morning and night.

## II.

*Six weeks and five days* we've already been marry'd,  
 And tho' silly things run in some people's heads,  
 "'Tis an age," he declares, "that's not to be parry'd:"  
 And so we've agreed upon *separate beds*.  
 Nay, more, for the freedom of both one and t'other,  
 We've laid down a plan which we're sworn to pursue,  
 Shou'd we meet, when from *home*, ne'er to speak to each  
 other,  
 Unless it is "*Madam*," or, "*Sir, how d'ye do?*"

## III.

Now since I've told you that Love's a sweet passion,  
 Our Love must not common or vulgar appear,  
 But truly *refn'd*, must be guided by *Fashion*,  
 Nor our lips ever utter a word like "*My Dear*:"  
 And lest we by chance shou'd embrace such a folly,  
 (For error's a thing may the wisest befall,)  
 "Since *wedloc k*," hesays, "is at best *melancholy*,"  
 We've agreed ne'er to speak to each other at all!

## THE FASHIONABLE WIFE.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.

## I.

SWEET Women, I love you as dear as my life,  
 Tho' now 'tis ten years since I first took a wife ;  
 Yet still I'm a Lover, and prize all the sex,  
 Tho' Wife, I must own, now and then will me vex :  
 For " true it's a pity, and pity it's true,"  
 At *Faro* she plays, and *unlimited Loo* !  
 And if I say, " Lovey, don't do so, I pray ?"  
 She answers, " My dear, O, I will have my way !"

## II.

Tho' *hundreds* each night she will frequently *lose*,  
 I must not, I dare not, that curs'd *Pam* abuse :  
 And then the dear creature it needs must be said,  
 Sits up all the night, and lies all *day* in *bed*.  
 " But why need I grumble at that," she will cry ;  
 " Don't you please yourself, Sir, and why may not I ?"  
 Then, tho' all the kind things to turn her I say,  
 She answers, " My dear, O, I will have my way !"

## III.

O Venus, thou Goddess of Love, hear my vows,  
 And soften the heart of a fashion-led *Spouse* !  
 Let *Prudence* direct her to alter her life,  
 And fill all the duties of Mother and Wife.  
 Let truth and affection in each other plac'd,  
 Be as *long* as our *lives*, and as *short* as her *waist* !  
 And then all her wishes I'll strive to obey,  
 Tho' she answers, " My dear, O I will have my way !"



## BEN OF SHEERNESS.

*SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.*

WRITTEN BY MAJOR TOPHAM.

---

I.

AS honest Ben, the Tar, returning  
From many a toil and hardship past,  
For England's fame his bosom burning,  
His wounds well earn'd in service scorning,  
Beholds with joy his home at last.

II.

But woe the day, and sad the hearing,  
To view his country's glory gone !  
To see his friends from honour veering,  
Rebellion's shameless standard rearing,  
And find his shipmates they were one.

III.

That Flag that once in firm affiance  
England's proud triumphs nobly bore;  
Dishonour'd now, claims no alliance,  
But faithless wave in vile defiance,  
And dare to threat its native shore.

IV.

" If truth," cried Ben, " be all a notion,  
" And these the days I've liv'd to see,  
" Why, honest shipmates, burn the Ocean,  
" And may this grog, a sailor's potion,  
" Be the last drop to you and me.

v.

" And Sall, when Sall and I are parted,  
" This shameful day with tears shall rue ;  
" Tho' midst those tears a blush be started,  
" To think that Tars prove traitor-hearted,  
" While Landmen turn out good and true."

## THE FEMALE AUCTIONEER.

SUNG BY MRS. FRANKLIN.

WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.

---

I.

WELL, here I am, and what of that ?  
Methinks I hear you cry ;  
Why, I am come, and that is pat,  
To *sell*, if you will *buy* ;  
A *Female Auctioneer* I stand,  
Yet, not to seek for *Pelf*,  
Ah! no!—the *lot* I have in hand,  
Is now to *sell myself* !  
And I'm going, going, going, going !  
Who bids for me ?

II.

Ye *Bachelors*, I look at you ;  
And pray don't deem me rude ;  
Nor rate me either *Scold* or *Shrew*,  
A *Coquet* or a *Prude* :  
My *hand* and *heart* I offer fair,  
And shou'd you *buy* the *lot*,  
I swear I'll make you e'er my care,  
When *Hymen* ties the *knot*.  
And I'm going, going, going, going !  
Who bids for me ?

## III.

Tho' some may deem me pert or so,  
Who deal in idle strife;  
Pray, where's the *Girl*, I wish to know—  
Who'u'd not become a *Wife*?  
At least, I own, I really wou'd  
In spite of all alarms;  
Dear Bachelors, now be so good—  
Do take me to your arms;  
For I'm going, going, going, going!  
Who bids for me?

## MARY'S KIND KISS.

*SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.*

*WRITTEN BY A LADY.*

---

I.

O, GIVE me calm, rural, and simple delight,  
Unmix'd with suspicion and fear ;  
Where Malice nor Rancour, nor Envy affright,  
Where Friendship and Love are sincere.  
And ye Powers above, to make all things complete,  
Let dear Mary and Love bless my humble retreat ;  
If for change or for pleasure I'm tempted to roam,  
May my Mary's kind Kiss still welcome me home.

II.

Tho' remote from all bus'ness, and bustle or noise,  
Let social delight still attend ;  
Tho' calm be the scene, not less frequent the joys  
Of my Bottle, my Song, and my Friend.  
And ye Powers above, to make all things complete,  
Let dear Mary and Love bless my humble retreat ;  
If for change or for pleasure I'm tempted to roam,  
May my Mary's kind Kiss still welcome me home.

III.

May my hours dance light, as they pass o'er my head,  
Undisturb'd by old Time as he flies ;  
And when I am spoken of, let it be said,  
He'd learn'd to be merry and wise.

And ye Powers above, &c.

## PRATTLING ECHO.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.

---

I.

I LOST my Love, and sought my Love  
O'er hill, and dale, and valley;  
I call'd her long, both loud and strong,  
Till nought was heard but Sally!

ECHO—"Sally!"

I thought it strange, yet still did range;  
When, ah! if you'll believe me,  
Too plain I found, the foolish sound—  
That mock'd and did deceive me—  
Was Echo,—prattling Echo!

ECHO—"Echo!"

Ha! there again! but Echo!

ECHO—"but Echo!"

II.

I sought my Fair both here and there,  
And e'er her name kept calling;  
But sure the more, to grieve me sore,  
Why, Echo wou'd be bawling!

ECHO—"bawling!"

For when I thought the Nymph I'd caught,  
To keep alive my terror,  
I found the noise that damp'd my joys,  
And kept me still in error,  
Was Echo,—Prattling Echo!

ECHO—"Echo."

Ha! there again! but Echo!

ECHO—"but Echo."



III.

" Ah! where," said I, " where can she fly,  
Return, my Love, my Sally?"  
But Echo still, with right good will,  
My grief did only rally.

ECHO—" *rally.*"

At length the Maid my care repaid,  
For, to my heart I press'd her;  
And now in turn, with unconcern,  
We both deride the Jester—  
And laugh—Ha! ha! at Echo!

ECHO—" *at Echo.*"

And laugh—Ha! ha! at Echo!

ECHO—" *Ha! ha! at Echo.*"



## THE PUNCH-BOWL.

*SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.*

WRITTEN BY MAJOR TOPHAM.

I.

VAUXHALL is a Punch-bowl, where contraries meet,  
The Ladies, the Punch, Spirit, Acid, and Sweet !  
A Liquor as sparkling as e'er touch'd the lip,  
For, of some you may taste, and of others may sip.

II.

The high-flying Widow's the Spirit you see,  
Which has paid the King's duty, and so may go free ;  
And if with her Spirit she mingles the Sweet,  
Who wou'd not drink deep, might he fall at her feet ?

III.

The Acid we mix as most pungent and tart,  
Shall be ta'en from the creature who ne'er lost her heart,  
An Acid that beats all the Vinegar-trade,  
From that strange composition we call an Old Maid !

IV.

The sweet-smiling Lass, to the fire of whose eye,  
The blush of sixteen shall its roses supply ;  
From that mind which the canker of Care never cross'd,  
Shall be taken the Sweets of the Punch which we boast.

V.

Then hasten away to this scene, one and all,  
Let your Liquor be Punch, and your Toast be Vauxhall ;  
Where mix'd up together th' ingredients you'll find,  
And the Glass is the Mirror which shews you the Mind.

## THE FEMALE MONITOR.

*SUNG BY MRS. MOUNTAIN.*

WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.

---

I.

WHAT can Woman, poor thing, do,  
When a man deceives her ?  
If she shuns him, he'll pursue ;  
If she's kind, he leaves her.  
Maidens, trust not what they swear,  
Vows can never bind them ;  
But, with pride and scornful air  
Treat them where you find them.  
With a fal lal lal !  
And a fal lal la !  
And a fal lal la lal lay !

II.

Tho' you see them at your feet,  
Smile at oaths and sighing ;  
Tell them these were form'd to cheat,  
Those on them relying.  
Treat them, Women, with disdain,  
'Tis our sex's charter,  
E'er to frown, when Men refrain,  
Heart for heart to barter.  
With a fal lal lal, &c.

III.

But shou'd Honour form his creed,  
And you can discover  
Manly sense, with noble deed,  
Diff'rent treat a Lover.  
Then his love with love repay,  
Scorn to give him sorrow ;  
Tell him all your mind to-day,  
And *marry him to-morrow*.  
With a fal lal lal, &c.

SHEPHERD, STAY, AND DO NOT LEAVE ME.

SUNG BY MRS. MOUNTAIN.

I.

IF you, Colin, go campaigning,  
What must hapless Sylvia do?  
Night and day her fate bewailing,  
She will ever think on you.  
Shepherd, stay, and do not leave me,  
Whither would my Colin rove?  
If you go, 'twill surely grieve me—  
Prithee, stay with thy true-love.

II.

Can you view those verdant mountains,  
See the crystal waters flow,  
Hear the bubbling of the fountains,  
And those charming scenes forego?  
Shepherd, stay, and do not leave me,  
Whither would my Colin rove?  
If you go, 'twill surely grieve me—  
Prithee, stay with thy true-love.

III.

Can you quit your peaceful station,  
For a toilsome soldier's life?  
And leave me in sad vexation,  
Whom you vow'd to make your wife?  
Shepherd, stay, and do not leave me,  
Whither wou'd my Colin rove?  
If you go, 'twill surely grieve me—  
Prithee, stay with thy true-love.

## THE HONEY-MOON.

SUNG BY MRS. MOUNTAIN.

WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.

---

I.

MAIDENS, wou'd you know with me,  
What is true felicity,  
Then no longer single stray,  
Marry, Girls, without delay.  
Let the Parson join your hands,  
Live and love in Hymen's hands:  
Then you'll find, both late and soon,  
All your lives a Honey-moon!  
A sweet, a tender Honey-moon!

II.

Marriage, Ladies, is a bliss,  
None, ah! none that's wise shou'd miss;  
But let caution be your guide,  
When you wish to be a Bride:  
Choose the Lad, who, scorning pelf,  
Loves you only for yourself.  
Then you'll find, both late and soon,  
All your lives a Honey-moon!  
A sweet, a tender Honey-moon!

III.

Hymen may by fools be scoff'd,  
But his chains are kind and soft:  
For what joy can Women trace,  
Like a *Husband's* fond embrace!  
Haste, then, Girls, at Hymen's call—  
Marry, marry, one and all!  
Then you'll find, both late and soon,  
All your lives a Honey-moon!  
A sweet, a tender Honey-moon!

## JEM OF ABERDOVEY.

*SUNG BY MRS. FRANKLIN.*

*WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.*

---

I.

THEY call me,—yes, indeed, they do,  
A bonny Lass in charms array'd;  
And often say, it's very true—  
“ 'Tis pity I shou'd die a Maid.”  
But tho' they tell me that and this,  
And call me dear and Lovey O,  
To none I'll ever grant a kiss,  
But Jem of Aberdovey O!  
So tune the merry bells, ding-dong,  
To Jem of Aberdovey O!

II.

Young Taffy of Glamorganshire  
Wou'd “give the world,” he says, for me;  
There's Winny too, who calls me dear,  
And Watkin, born of high degree:  
But tho' they tell me that and this,  
And call me dear and Lovey O,  
To none I'll ever grant a kiss,  
But Jem of Aberdovey O!  
So let the merry bells, ding-dong,  
To Jem of Aberdovey O!



III.

And sure in March that's coming too,  
And that's the month but one to May,  
Why, we shall marry, yes, look you—  
And all upon St. David's day!  
For tho' they tell me that and this,  
And call me dear and Lovey O,  
To none I'll ever grant a kiss  
But Jem of Aberdovey O!  
So tune the merry bells, ding-dong,  
To Jem of Aberdovey O!

---

THE END.

[Entered at Stationers-hall.]



MUSEUM  
BRITAN  
NICUM

